

Posted by u/ProvisionalRebel Human 5 hours ago

## No Higher Honor

OC OC

The damned Reshan's allies were a great concern to the Grand Elder, but one that was finally to be brought to heel. He scratched at the scar across his right eye absently. This was a strategic move of course, but he would take a small joy in the retribution. The guilds had discovered a vital port they were seen returning to following battle, and it was time to strike them down.

His ship's approach was unobstructed, and the space station seemed... pitiful. Where were their defensive screens? Where was their patrol craft? He balked at such weakness and ordered his warriors to ready the boarding craft as he evaluated their target from the sensor imaging. There were several options, but one room held his interest. It's bulkheads along the exterior wall her viable for boarding, and it seemed like a massive area with many life-forms.

The battle would be joined in this chamber.

He met his command squad in their craft after delivering the orders to his pilots. He would be the first into the battle, the first to draw blood. The doors closed and he felt the lurch as they launched towards their seemingly unaware prey.

A loud clang filled the air as the magnetic clamps made contact, and a metallic tingle touched his nostrils with the plasma cutters beginning their work. The screams seemed to begin before the torches had even melted through properly. He could hear their anguished cries vibrating through the bulkhead and it brought him much satisfaction.

"Vengeance for the Atreius Campaign, Brothers! No prisoners!"

"No prisoners!" His men cried out in a discordant answer.

Then in a flash the ramp was down, and the battle was joined. Although quickly he felt... cheated.

These were certainly the enemy he had fought before, but they were... wrong. Far too weak. Many struggled to even rise from their beds before his warriors began to cut them down. Where was the order of the white hats? This thought was quickly put aside as a laser burned a hole into his armored shoulder before he could dive for cover. He called for his men to return fire and it was a simple thing. The enemy was apparently unarmored and seemed to only be armed with a sidearm. His chest burst with the first detonation.

He scanned over the room, absently firing as targets began to flee. There were seemingly a hundred beds, all surrounded with complex machinery of some kind. He pondered this strange place for a moment but remembered himself. Bloodlust was not his

place here; he was to command, not give into savagery. He began to give orders to his men as the large chamber emptied of living prey. Some escaped into passageways, but many had died screaming in their beds.

Though it was not long until he had exactly the fight he had been expecting, if not from the same warriors he wanted.

His men began to meet more resistance as they strayed from the chamber. At first, it was merely more of the unarmored fodder with their sidearms, but soon they were joined by armored warriors wielding heavier armaments. His casualties began to mount quickly, but it appeared that the enemy lost their reserves almost immediately if they had any to begin with. It was... disappointing. This was a massacre more than a bold raid on an enemy stronghold. Held by only a token force of true warriors as he had faced before.

One by one, these warriors were felled. His men then began to sweep over the rest of the station, reaping their bounty from the defenseless drones. As soon as he had a moment, he inspected a handful of the armored corpses. They were splashed with viscera where their powerful armor had finally collapsed under the weight of fire, obscuring the glaring red insignias they seemed to share amongst each other. Crossed lines, slim curves, among others on white shoulder plates; These must be other orders, like the white hats he had faced before.

Their warrior caste must truly be a rare breed for so few to be among so many, he mused. He allowed himself a moment to chuckle, more sure of even the losses he had suffered. After all, an enemy so dependent on those rare few strong enough to fight would suffer greatly for each loss. His eyes slowly traveled across the room. He would remember this place, surely it was to be a great victory, if perhaps... less than honorable. Still, there was no higher honor than victory. Perhaps it would even drive these 'French' from the war. His eyes finally rested on a large insignia adorning the wall, inscribed with the alien's runes.

'U.N.S.C. Mercy Station'